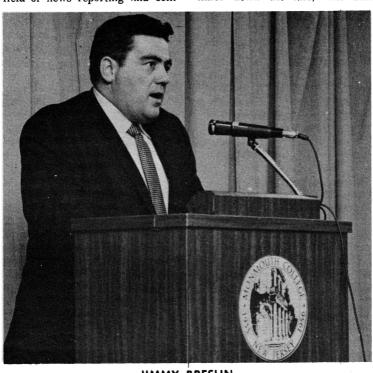
Breslin Lecture Gives Newsroom Insight

by E. C. Juriek

Pollak Auditorium was filled to capacity for the initial lecture by Mr. Jimmy Breslin in the annual Monmouth College series on Tuesday, September 27, at 8:30 in the evening. After welcoming remarks by Dr. C. Norton Coe, Vice President in charge of academic affairs, the introduction was turned over to Mrs. John Carton of the Jersey Shore Branch of the American Association of University Women, who listed Mr. Breslin's awards and achievements in the field of news reporting and com-

tioned with visible emotion the story of some youngsters from otherwise impeccable backgrounds who set some Bowery bums on fire "for kicks." Crimes such as these, he confessed, are beyond the comprehension of the police and the criminals themselves.

Likewise, his experiences as a field reporter in Viet Nam were cause for a number of insights: the railroad engineer who was forced by the government to take a train to a station a few miles down the line, who said



JIMMY BRESLIN

mentary, including the four tor outstanding journalism won during 1965.

According Newsweek magazine, Jimmy Breslin makes people "sound in print as they would in person," and last Tuesday's meeting necessitated adding yet another compliment: he makes people "sound in speech as they would in person." His range of accents and imitations is remarkable, and his long experience with the late Herald Tribune, and currently the World Journal Tribune, gives him much to draw upon.

He led off the night's entertainment with a devestating satire of a local politician who is more concerned with his constituents' private lives than a Kinsey pollster, and used the audience's instant response as a springboard for some hilarious personal sketches. Although most of his comments were doubtlessly prearranged, Mr. Breslin made each one seem completely off-the-cuff.

Recounting his experiences during the recent newspaper strike in New York added more fuel to an already roaring fire, and his equating of the Mafia and the Knights of Columbus a few lines later truly stopped the show. Mr. Breslin, who looks like a gangster's bodyguard to begin with, was almost sincere in his defense of the Italian element in the criminal world, particularly of the thirteen mobsters who were arrested during "a family partyyou know, a little number ten spaghetti, a little wine," and summed it up with the remark, "I never heard of nobody arresting B'nai B'rith."

All was not fun during the evening, however, for the award-winning reporter is much more than an entertainer. The audience was suddenly quieted as he told of some of the more gruesome aspects of New York newspaper work: drug addiction, crime in the streets, murder, and so on. In this last category, he men-

goodbye to his family and made arrangements for his funeral, and whose train was destroyed by the Viet Cong just as it left on its journey; the injuries; the futility and hope combined....

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Mr. Breslin's gravelly voice was turned to humber again in a short while, however, as he spoke of Adam Clayton Powlel's victory over the white "system,": "he's the number one hero to any non-white in the world-the only one who's made it."

one who's made it."

Since the majority of the audiience was composed of noncollege - connected people, the
speaker stayed away from com
ments on the scholastic world,
turning instead to a more appli
cable area, suburban living. "Talk
about sex in suburban living. "Talk
about sex in suburba,"he said,
"I wish there was some of it!"
After some similar jibes he admitted to a preference for city
life over country, for where else
could he find such local color as
Jerry the Booster, Marvin the
Torch, and a nameless 428 lb.
"cat" burglar?

Response to the question per iod which followed the lecture revealed how impressed the listeners had been. The inquiries were many and varied, ranging from how Breslin thought the Yankees could get out of their slump"They gotta start making drastic mistakes," to New York's parking problem "don't let any cars in."-process servers-"You can't hit the guy; I threw a tele phone at one and he lay on the floor for five hours yelling for an ambulance. Then he got up and asked for fifty bucks."

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Never at a loss for words, he wasn't at all anxious to break up the session, encouraging any and all questions. He seemed to particularly enjoy ripping into his competitors in the newspaper business and other antagonists, and everyone in the auditorium loved it. Comments in the crowd leaving the building after the extended session had drawn to a close indicated that the Monmouth College Lecture Series had gotten off to an excellent start.